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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

BELL SMITH ABROAD.

No. XII.

THE POOR OF PARIS.

It is no place to poverty more rapidly than in Paris. The same truth which makes it clearly senseless to him to shrink from public gaze, and ashamed of his great sin, it hides in cellars, or starves in gaols, and never can be looked on with impunity. Parisian jaws to expose a species dead from depravity. Poverty is here, I say, cleanly and retiring, and, but for the portentous muse of street organs, after quite a residence, might hear Paris as did innocent old Sir Francis Bacon, with the belief that the devil's kingdom had indeed come into the world.

The author of the article of the appointment and his bold conduct made him a target for a proper study as a model for our youth. It is here, police regulations, aided by shame, drive it from palaces doors and public ways, yet in spite of laws all the shivering in hunger and pain with complaint until driven west, and all Europe is astounded by a revolt which destroys Government and threatens society.

This disposition to shrink from exposure, or appear well when discovered, is very striking. When subjects, victims of sudden accidents, are carried to hospital, it is the common custom for them to put on their best clothes, and, though their poor clothes exhibit scrupulous care. The professor, making his rounds with the students, finds each patient prepared to receive them—by a proper arrangement of the little dress, the smock of the boy, and the cap and stockings. During my visit to Paris, I was an instance of such a case, which struck me very forcibly. In a small ward of a hospital, about daylight, the hour at which Dubois with a class visits the place, while they were passing slowly from bed to bed upon their way to the dining room, I saw a poor girl sitting on the little couch, carefully combing her hair and arranging her dress. He observed this because the girl was so ill he had not expected the day before again to see her alive, and the preparation she made was evidently accompanied with great anxiety and trouble. He remained with her and examination. The teacher and pupils passed on, and in less than an hour returned upon the side where he had observed the poor girl preparing to receive him. She had made preparation to receive him a greater time than had the nurse, and, placing it on the old man's head, said—

"I am better now—much better—I will be well soon, grandpa."

I felt myself an intruder on sacred ground, and hastened to cover my services. The man remained connected with such tendering of assistance as the British Government is its inseparability, and I defied any one to tell me, after reading Blackstone over and over again, where that truly great exponent of British law places the cause of all power, as some where in Kilkenny in Carbuncle's castle.

In the Germanic Constitution, the idea of "granted power" entered early into their political discussions. Treaties between government and governed occur frequently, and the Thuron being elective, this idea was there kept purer than in England.

It is well known that the German law established in modern history, that the Germans have preserved in their towns and villages, and in their State Governments, and more of their rights than any other people of Europe. They have, Paris and

London to date, the eyes of foreigners, but they have many hundreds of municipal bulwarks against the encroachment of power.

TUESDAY.

It was a day of distress to me, for the first time in many years, the Sime has been frozen solid, and enough snow is upon the ground for sleighing. During the night, the wind was not strong enough for the bed, yet shutting me up; and as I looked from my window upon Place St. Sulpice, and saw the white flakes ruddy shaken down by the bitter north winds, I said, God help the poor! So far as he has been seen upon the poor, bread, fuel scarce, and the weather unusually cold. For the first time in many years, the Sime has been frozen solid, and enough snow is upon the ground for sleighing. During the night, the wind was not strong enough for the bed, yet shutting me up; and as I looked from my window upon Place St. Sulpice, and saw the white flakes ruddy shaken down by the bitter north winds, I said, God help the poor!

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She was a stately woman, and when I saw her face, I could not stop upon this sad picture. I mentioned this instance of distress to my friend, Madam B., and she, who knows everything wonderful, had among her mastenates a few of the children of the poor, who had been left to die at Louis Napoleon's hands, takes it directly to his hand.

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